BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS. *PUBLISHED WEEKLY; $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE*

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A. T. Parker
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Charles C Moore
Editor

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TO DELINQUENTS.

Some time ago I wrote Mr. Hughes to come to Cincinnati, and explain the financial condition of the Blade to me. He came yesterday and in looking over the the list I found over 2,000 in arrears. Some of these, about 400, he has carried for two years and over. Now you know that paper and postage cost money, that labor costs, that Hughes has been clicking away at the linotype while many of you have been sleeping. All of this expense is a dead loss if you do not pay him. Is this just?

He can't afford to carry you longer. Why should you expect it? I asked him not to drop any one just yet, for I don't want to see the prestige of the paper lowered. You need the paper—you would miss it if it did not come to you. The paper needs you. It needs your support. The contributors need you. It takes the heart out of us when we know that our writings go to only a few.

Now won't you help the Blade out? Won't you help keep the cause alive. Never in our history have we made such progress as we are making now. Shall we let the fire smoulder, or keep our lights shining bright and high.

I am satisfied most of you are in arrears just from pure neglect. You think time and again: "Now I'll send that dollar the next time I go to the office," and then you forget it. Now put your thinking caps on. Don't drop out; let us all stand together.

Hughes has a big exchange list. He carries a free list of over 200 old people who are unable to pay a cent and to whom the Blade is a weekly comfort and happiness. All this costs. Won't you help keep the Blade going to these. He will have to drop all delinquents or drop the paper. I want neither done. I feel that you will not forget the when you go to the office the next tme. Yours sincerely,

J. B. WILSON.

How is your subscription? Pay up and help us make the Blade full size and reach you on time every week.

A STUFFED CLUB

A Monthly Magazine by An Infidel Doctor, of Denver, Colo., That is a Revelation to Me.

For several years there has been coming to me, as an exchange, a small monthly magazine called "A Stuffed Club."

My wife has been reading it, all the time, and has frequently spoken of it as a valuable publication.

It is about health and food, and as I am practically never sick, so far as I can tell by my feelings, and have always been careful in my diet and do not use any tobacco or whiskey, in do nothing wrong except cuss a little —very little— occassionally, I never thought the book would be of any value to me, and thought it only some quack doctor scheme—(in Egyptian hieroglyphics all doctors are expressed by a duck; suppose to allude to his "quack") and therefore I never ,until last night, January 5, read a copy, ot even a page of "A Stuffed Club." My wife attends to the health and rations and their preparation, in the family and I attend to the religion of the family.

The purpose ot this little paper is to make people better as a means of making them happier and I have, many times, said—more formerly than lately—in this paper, that you might furnish me the best man in Kentucky and let me, as a scientific experiment, furnish him his victuals and drink, and I would make a scoundrel of him that would be hung, by mob or law, probably the former, and I would limit my supplies of food and drink to just such as are used on the tables of the finest Christian people in Lexington.

I have, in the matter of food and drink, but one tendency to dissapation that it is hard for me to get over, and that is my love for milk. I got in a habit of using milk soon after I was born, now going on 68 years ago, and, like all of those habits contracted in my early life, I have found very hard to overcome.

Our cows are all nice, kind cows, have no religious bigotry about them, and if you were to mention the subject of tuberculosis to them they would not even know what you were talking about.

They have, all the year, beautiful, clear, cool, running water, with grape vines hanging over it in places, and deep shade that they can get into in the summer time, and then, in the winter those cows have big ricks of nice clean straw in which they can sleep and keep out of the cold.

In the summer time they have blue grass galore and in the winter they have the good natural hays and corn fodder that we prepare for them.

They are good cows though they never go to church, and they never hook any body except a stray dog, some times, and they just do that on their own hook, and I have never advised them against it.

The muley cows though, never hook any body, not even a stray dog, but I had a muley bull that was the darndest butter you ever saw. He got an idea in his head that he was connected with the butter department and thought he had to live up to his reputation and I had to sell him, and I suppose that, long ago, he has got himself mixed up with some dog, and has gone to hell by the Boulogne sausage route.

Under these circumstances I loved milk.

I had, some years ago, during the war a funny old "Rebel" neighbor named Andy Carroll. One of the other neighbors—not me—rode up to his house one morning and asked him for a drink of whiskey.

Andy said he didn't have any. The neighbor said "You are a liar; you bought a barrel about a month ago," and Andy said "What in the hell does one barrel of whiskey amount to for a man and his wife and nine children, when we haven't got a bit of milk on the place?"

The neighbor saw Andy's fix and apologized for calling him a liar.

It shows also that you ought not to decide that your neighbor is doing you dirt until you have heard his side.

"Audi alteram partem"—you see it in gold letters on the back of my first book, "The Rational View."

Drinking milk was my main dissapation. I also drank buttermilk and ate clabber and curd, and it made me feel good to have a whole lot of them in me.

Thirty-five years ago, my sister gave us a bronze mantle clock. When they sent me to the penitentiary in 1899, that clock, for the first time, hung out its sign "no tick here," and declined to go into business again except on a cash basis, and my wife sent it and $2.00 along with it, to Lexington, and it came back—the clock, not the $2.00—and continued to do business at the same old stand, for about two more years. Then it began to miss a tick, now and then, and seemed to have "that tired feeling."

I didn't send it back to Lexington—got coal oil and a turkey feather, and oiled it all through and it went on same as ever, and the $2.00 staid at "Quakeracre."

Same thing happened year or two after—same practice—$2.00 remaining at the "acre."

I noticed when it would begin to weaken that it would lose a tick, now and then.

My old heart, about that time, began to lose a beat now and then, and it struck me the old heart would stop some time soon, just like the old clock had done, and I couldn't get at the old heart with coal oil and a turkey feather, and things were blue for the Blade, and I didn't think it was worth while to fool away $2,00 on the old worn out heart and didn't care much anyhow whether it stopped or not.

But, not long ago, things began to look better for the Blade—considerably better, and I never could see why either—and I got interested to have the old heart still pumping away at the same old power house, and I told my wife about how it would work a while and then stop awhile, because I knew that was the way the clock did before it would quit, but I felt as well as a two-year-old (race horse) and had a good appetite and slept all night and all that.

My wife had been reading "Stuffed Club" and things like that, and she told me that it was the milk I was drinking, and I had begun to let up on milk—had let it severely alone for a day or two, and the old heart was just clicking away like I had got into it with coal oil and a turkey feather, and it was getting real interesting to see how it was working, all right, when I happened to get that January issue of "A Stuffed Club," and it found me in good shape to appreciate it.

Now I know you won't believe it, and I can't understand it myself, for I am no saw-bones doctor—only a Doctor of Divinity; and Divinity is going to die, spite of all I can do for it—but somehow, when I let up on that milk, I found I didn't have to cuss near as much to get along, and seems to me, there is something in "Stuffed Club" more than saw dust and wind.

I don't know, exactly, what the name means—got a picture, on the back, of a club like the one Hercules used to use, but then I think there is some joke about the name—like Blue Grass Blade may mean a blade of blue grass, or it may mean something as Watson Heston seems to underit, to mow down these old poius Christians liars.

These are all kinds of clubs of men and women these days, social, political and religious, and this may allude to the gormandizing that these clubs do when they fiill themselves up on fine grub and fine liquor, and tumble over with opoplexy, dead as the devil, out of their pulpits and out of their editorial chairs. God has killed, by the apoplexy scheme, a dozen or two of the rascals that have been my enemies. "A Stuffed Club" costs 10 cts. for a single copy, and, unless you Infidels want to die and get off to heaven as soon as possible, I believe it is the best investment of 10 cts. that you can make, if all of them are as good as the January (1905) number.

Its the only thing I ever saw that beats sending 10 cts for 10 copies of the B. G. B.

This Dr. Tilden has never written me anything putting me up to writing this, and I did not even know his name, or where he lived, until I looked to see in writing this piece and there is no motive that you can imagine I can have, in writing this long piece about him except to do good to others.

I cant tell you much of what he says. When I was a boy I would have scorned the idea of having one of the female members of my family to clerk in a store of any kind, and I would have seen one of them at the devil—that is the bowwows—before I would have thought of one of them learning to be a trained nurse.

But things changed. One of my neices, sister of the wife of President Dabney, of Cincinnati University, both of them traveled in Europe—studied for a trained nurse in a public hospital in Cincinnati, and said the whole hospital was simply run in connection with the Cincinnati saloons, to patch up the fools who had gotten wounded, or got the jimjams—James jams more elegant—in Cincinnati liquor saloons.

She is now the wife of a Washington City lawyer. When I was a boy, a Yankee school teacher and a clock fixer and piano tuner were all considered belonging to the same gang, and a Yankee woman teacher of any kind was the last of pea time.

Now I am proud that my daughter is a music teacher in Louisville.

But "Stuffed Club," goes away a head of anything that has yet been proposed for educated women of nice families, namely: that they should specially prepare themselves for being cooks. You will probably, some of the little-to-do of you, turn up your noses at it, but wait until you see what "Stuffed Club," says about it—about splendid young ladies of fine education and fine families being cooks—and you will see that it beats, all hollow, punching a type writer, or writing society and church lies, as women reporters for newspapers, and being telephone girl or woman clerks in a store, as fine as Wannamakers' aint in it, or being a trained nurse either, or a piano teacher, as compared with being cooks like "Stuffed Club" shows you it can be done, and as I am cock-sure will be done.

I saw a man in New York City once, who was getting $1,500 a year for simply boiling beefsteaks in the prettiest and whitest arrangement you ever saw that could just as well have been done by a woman who gets 3 cents a pair for making breeches, if the woman had been an educated cook.

"Stuffed Club," says, just as I say, that there are thousands of people in this country who are striking and kicking like steers and mules because they cannot live on the wages they are getting when eating is the most expensive part of living, and these very people are now paying for food more than twice as much money as would make them healthier and happier and better, if they only knew what food to eat, and how much to eat, and how much, and how to prepare it. I was at the house of a gentleman in Chicago whose position was the third best in that town, and whose wife did the cooking for us, making it as beautiful an accomplishment as plunking a harp or hand painting china, or making funny slippers for fool preachers.

There are houses I know in Lexington, that could better afford to pay an educated woman such as "Stuffed Club" proposes, $25 a week, and give here fine board and lodging than to pay the ordinary cook, white or black, $5 a week—they could do it and employer and empioyee make money by it, while now the young woman who would scorn the idea, will plunk a typewriter or wield a yard-stick at a ribbon counter for $5, a week, and board and lodge herself.

You think I am jamming wind, and it is true that I used to be a preacher and that was my graft, but I dont do any of that now, for anybody of else.

So you just get a sample copy of the Club—I suppose it has "Club' rates," and see for your own dear self.

I am in for anything, or anybody that can help to make us all good and happy, and I am struck on the scheme of that Colorado saw bones as being one of the ways.

Send Dog Fennel in the Orient as a New Year's gift to your friends. We have them at $1 postage paid.

Start the new year right by paying up your subscription to the Blade.

REV. DR. E. L. POWELL'S ANNUAL BANQUET

(By Josephine K. Henry.)

The Campbellite church is a great religious power in Kentucky, and Dr. E. L. Powell, pastor of the First Christian church of Louisville, is the greatest pulpit light and orator of his denomination.

Dr. Powell has a custom of giving an annual banquet in the church "to men only". Of course if the male members of the church alone were bidden, it would be an insignificant affair, as few men attend church though they might all construe it a Christian duty to attend a banquet.

Refreshment for the inner man is sought after much more strenuously than spiritual food, but Dr. Powell does not confine his invitations to the men of his church, but he invites the big guns of all the professions, the rich men in commercial life, the men about town from the avenues, boulevards and clubs.

This annual banquet is advertised for weeks, toasts and toast masters selected.

The Louisville papers announce that Dr. Powell will issue 500 invitations to his banquet to be held January 19th, and that the women of Dr. Powell's congregation will elaborately decorate the lecture room of the church to hold the banquet in.

To turn "God's House" into a house of feasting and merriment for the rich and powerful seems strangely at variance with Christs regulation of Christian banquets as painly laid down in Luke 14-12 in these words: "When thou markest a dinner or a supper call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again and recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the mained, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for thou shalt be recompense at the resurrection of the just. Luke 14-23; "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel th[illegible] come in that my house may be filled."

When Jesus from his throne on high looks down on Dr. Powell's masculine banquet with its elaborate decorations, wealth of flowers, entrancing music, extravagant menu, with its 500 guests gotten up in dress suits and buttoniers, who are entranced with the eloquence wit, and humor of the speakers, who have been practising their banquet speechs for weeks, I say when Jesus looks down on such a scene He can but sorrowfully conclude that "His children" have forgotten Him and gone after strange gods. The Campbellites have the New Testament as their guide, they profess to shape and guide their lives, by the precepts and commands of Jesus, and we all know how His commands and preceipts are believed in and acted upon by Christians not only Campbellites, but all other sects.

The Christian woods are full of Christians who would rather drink to the toasts and partake of the good things at an earthly banquet, than to partake of angels food, and drink the water of Life in the New Jerusalem. Jesus will not be bidden to Dr. Powells' banquet, even though held in God's house. If Jesus should appear with the poor from the highways and byways at the door of the banquet hall, the door would be closed upon him, and if He insisted upon entering His own house the dainty and dapper guests would refuse to break bread with such company.

Yet we are told that Christianity has vastly improved the relations of the rich and poor.

How comes it when a Christian preacher gives a banquet, the rich are bidden and the hungry and homeless ignored?

How comes it that the treatment of the poor by the rich is much better amongst Jews than amongst Christians?

How did the poor fare when Christianity was at the zenith of its power?

How is it that millions in England and the United States , which are the centers of Christian civilization, are on the verge of starvation to-day while the church is rolling in wealth, and has an aristocracy decadent with luxury and self indulgence?

How is it that while the clerical banquet table groans under its weight of luxuries even in the city of Louisville the gulf is so wide and deep betwixt the rich and the poor?

But what of the position of the women in Dr. Powell's church? Women have preached to them year in and year out, that Christianity alone has elevated them to the exalted position they occupy today. So elevated are they that when the pretcher plans a banquet to be given "to men oniy," he calls in the women to do the menial kitchen work, and doubtless furnish the provender for the holy men, but women are not considered worthy to sit at the table with the men, and partake of the feast they have provided. They must peep through the door of the church scullery and watch one of the wise men resopnd to the toast. "She." Think of the elevated position of the women in the church kitchen while the "Shes" are being discussed at the banquet, they are not considered worthy to partake of.

The sad part of this whole thing is that women imagine that Christianity has really elevated them even if it has muzzled them, and handed them in the church kitchen. The dear creatures accept the felsome pinch beck compliments thrown to them from the banquet hall as the real stuff, and they go on cooking, serving ,praying paying, and begging and think they are elevated and exalted above all others of their sex. It is amazing that educated women of today will accept the inequalities, injustice, and insult the church puts upon them without protest, a protest so earnest and strong it would strike terror to the man made system.

In the face of facts and common sense, how can women of even ordinary sense, how can women of even ordinary mentality retain their self-respect, and support this man made, man viled religious system that denies women a voice in church affairs, yet converts her into a church menial and beggar to raise money for men alone to manipulate? Under this masculine regime, the Lord is always in need of funds and the women are put in harness to raise them by hook or by crook. The Lord may get all the money the women bring in, but I am of the opinion t[illegible]ut for the middle men, churc[illegible] would go out of fashion much to the relief of a long suffering public.

How can women support a system that recognizes and maintains a double code of morals? As an object lesson, suppose the morals of the 500 men at Dr. Powell's banquet, and the women in the church kitchen could have a radium light thrown upon them how would they compare? Yet the women who are condemned even for a rumor or a suspicion are not worthy to banquet with the Revs., Hons., Generals Professors, Majors and the respected and honored men who are bidden to the feast in the Lord's House. Suppose a search light could be thrown on the morals of these 500 prominent citizens, how many would be found pure as ice, and chaste as snow, or how many would feel like fleeing to Mt. Hepzadam or some place else for refuge? The double code of morals is one method in the Christian system of elevating woman.

The New Testament elevates woman, by making her a silenced and subject creature. The inspired book says plainly, "Woman should learn in silence and all subjection," and "if a woman would know anything , let her learn of her husband at home."

No provision is made for the women who have no homes or no husbands, and many who have both are not in danger of becoming fountains of wisdom in view of the only source of knowledge they have to draw from, Nor is this all. The Books says, "Wives submit yourselves to your husbands, as unto the Lord and be subject to them in all things." This would be elevating in the extreme particularly if women must be in all things subject to some of the husband material that is constantly in the matrimonial market.

Yet all this is pure unadulterated Christian teaching, and women have but to read their Bibles, and listen to their preachers, to find out what elevated exalted creatures they are.

Suppose a woman should intrude herself at Dr. Powell's banquet, she would soon find out how elevated her position is.

Who ever heard of a preacher banqueting the women of his church? No one, yet since the days of Martha, the house keeper women have been cooks and menials for the clergy, and today the average Christian woman would rather be praised by her preacher for her good cooking, than he noted for

(Continued on Fourth page).

WE CAN'T SEE IT.

The Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, Bishop (Episcopal) of Massachusetts, in a recent sermon says:

"We are told that in the Boer war the loss in action was 20,000 men; that in the United States in three years have been killed in murders and homicides 31,000 men and women.

"Although the church is in many ways more alive than ever to her duty to the people and the upbuilding of character, it must be confessed with shame and sorrow that her communicants are not free from the stain of lawlessness. Men who have stood high in parish offices, women who are active in worship, have been, and still are far from what they ought to be in sustaining the highest standards of obedience to the laws of God and man. It is the amusement of a scoffing world—the inconsistency between our faith and our deeds.

"I believe that scepticism is at the bottom of much of our lawlessness—scepticism on the part of members of the church as well as other people. If a man does not believe in any righteous and living God, then I do not see what can hold him long to any bond of morals."

This is in harmony with the Infidel contention.

The church is more alive than ever, and yet crime is simply rampant and increasing.

The Bishop says the increase of crime is in consequence of the increase of Infidelity.

When it suits the purpose of the preachers to say that Infidelity is increasing they always say it, but the next day it may suit them to say that Christianity is increasing and they claim that Infidelity is on its last legs and will soon have to thraw up the sponge.

The funny part about it to me is that if the increase of crime is the result of the increase of Infidelity, the people who commit the crimes are always Christians, except in the rarest instances.

If an Infidel commits a crime, like Rose, at St. Louis, all of the Infidels would publish it as remarkable. But every man who is hung for crime with the rarest exceptions, goes to the gallows, praying with a gang of priests or preachers around him.

You may read a hundred of these accounts of hangings before you will probably find a one where the party hung did not [illegible] any preacher because he was [illegible] Infidel, and even when they say he was an Infidel we can rarely get any evidence that he was so except the statement of the preachers who were interested to lie about it, and the party is never a man of any prominence among Infidels.

I am all the time trying to get accurate information to print on this subject. Christians know about this paper, and if Infidels are committing crime, why do not Christians send me newspaper clippings that say so?

THE BLADE HER PRAYER BOOK.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Enclosed $2 which I think sets me all right until next October.

Excuse my delay. I have had sickness in my family and I have to employ a doctor, because the Lord would not help me.

Please print in the Blade where it says about Sunday being no particular Sabbath.

I let my Blade go to some one and cannot find it again.

I am going to stop giving away my Blades.

I could give away an armful every week if I had them.

So if they want the Blade let them send for it themselves. My wife is saving all the Blades that have pictures in them and she says she hopes there will be more.

I hope everything will be all right, for I don't think my wife could rest if I did not take the Blade, for it is her prayer book. S. A. LANDO.

You are trying to fix it all up so now that when St. Peter calls on you to know why you took that damned Infidel paper, the Blue Grass Blade, you can lay it on your wife.

That's the way Adam did his wife about that apple.

People generally think that Adam was A damn rascal and that he is in hell now, but he aint; I saw where he is now buried in Jerusalem.

I suppose Eve used some Infidel paper as a prayer book, and is in hell now.

If you will read Exodus xx, 11, you will find that the Sabbath of the Old Testament was Saturday.

If you read Romans xiv, 4-5, you will find that the New Testament did not have any Sabbath.

There was no Christian Sabbath until Constantine made one A. D. 325, and called it Sunday or Sun-day, because on that day the heathens worshipe the sun, and Constantine had been a heathen.

He called the next day of the week Monday, or Moon-day, because on that day the heathen worshiped the moon.

When we were in Palestine, on the "Dog Fennel" trip, we had Friday for the Mohammedan sabbath, Saturday for the Jewish Sabbath and Sunday for the Christian Sabbath, and as we did not want to show any partiality, we did not keep any of them.

SALVATION ARMY MAN

Turns Infidel and Sends His Dollar, But Does Not Want His Name Given.

———, ———, Jan. 3, '05.

Editor of Blue Grass Blade.

Sir:—I enclose $1.00 for Blade. I told you to stop it after three months, but I am glad still to have it.

Change the address to ——— and send it as usual.

I am very glad to see the Blade resume its natural size, for it looked crippled when cut in two.

I don't want this letter published, but I wish the Blade all kinds of success and long life.

I am glad to say that my present Infidelity brings me more of peace and comfort than Christianity ever did.

I was a most devout Christian and, at one time, an enthusiastic member of the Salvation Army.

I wish I were smart like Mrs. Closz and Mrs. J. Henry, and I would write for the Blade; but, being one of the stupid ones of earth, I must be content to feast on the good things that others write.

I find, since leaving behind me the old superstitious belief, that my mind is broader and my heart more kind.

I feel, now, that not only those who love Christ are my brothers, but that all mankind are brothers and that we are all equal.

I wish the Blade, and its editor and publisher, a very prosperous New Year and, especially, do I wish Mr. Moore a happy New Year, for he is getting old and must get what happiness out of life he can in order to get his share.

I have the greatest respect for old age, and, only two weeks ago, I buried my own aged and dearly loved father. He died as peacefully as a child falling asleep, and he was an Infidel.

I will, in the future, try to pay more promptly, Respectfully,

SKY-BUSTER PITIES ABBOTT.

Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Bro. Moore:—I enclose you something that one of our leading sky-pilots has to say about Rev. Abbott. Note how "sorry" he feels for him.

Yours,
L. B. SHOENFIELD.

The sermon is in the Birmingham Age-Herald, and the sky-pilot is one, Rev. Dr. C. B. Riddick, a Methodist chap that nobody ever heard of before.

He is working the "pitying" dodge on Abbott.

It is an old game. When a Christian cannot answer an Infidel he always "pities" him.

The only pretense of a reply to Abbott that Riddick makes is a Riddickulous one. He says that any man is to be suspected of bad motives who suddenly changes his religious opinions.

Abbott has not suddenly changed his mind.

He has come to it by a process of study and thinking for many years.

The first converts to Christianity were on the day of Pentecost, when, according to the New Testament 3000 people who had been Jews, and believed the Old Testament, that the Christians now say is inspired, all of a sudden just flopped over to Christianity, on the mere say-so of Peter, a Catholic Priest, and the bigest liar in the whole New Testament.

And yet an unknown fellow like Riddick thinks Abbott guilty of indecent haste, in changing his opinions in a 50-year investigation.

PARALYSIS GETS ANOTHER ONE.

Paralysis and apoplexy are everlastingly knocking out the preachers, and it seems always to be in some signal manner, as if God was discouraging their graft.

Bishop John L. Spalding, one of the very greatest of the Catholic bigwigs, had just come from speaking and took his grub, then down he went from a stroke of apoplexy.

He is only 65 years old and they speak of him as suffering from old age. Too much religion and grub and indolence, all on his stomach.

MURDEROUS PREACHER.

At Owensboro, Ky., Rt. Rev. W. W. Armer is being tried for the murder of his son. His friends are trying to save him on the old lunacy dodge and the balance of the people are pretty equally divided between hanging and penitentiary for life.

AN EX-PRESBYTERIAN WOMAN

Compliments the Blade, and Mrs. Henry, But Does Not Want Her Name or Address Given.

Mr. C. C. Moore:—Enclosed find $2, one for another year of the Blade, and one for Mr. Watson Heston.

I am glad to see the Blade enlarged to its former size, and hope it may never again dwindle down to a half sheet.

I have had many solicitations to go in with 50-cent clubs, but I have always paid a dollar, as I think the Blade is well worth it.

It has always seemed to me strange that the Blade is not self sustaining, with so many subscribers.

Brother Moore, I am writing a private letter to you. I am a poor writer and a poor scholar, and feel like it is a presumption to write to you.

My only plea is that I admire you and respect you so much that I would be glad to know that you are my friend as I am, and long have been yours.

There are none that I would be so glad to welcome to my house as your estimable wife and yourself.

For the last three years I have had much trouble from my husband's death and other things.

I am instructing my two boys every day, and hope to see them so advanced that they will never be in danger of being led into the paths of bigotry and superstition.

I was raised a Presbyterian by my Scotch parents, but I have been an investigator since I was fourteen years old, and for many years, have disbelieved the inspiration of the Bible and the divinity of Jesus Christ.

So far as another life is concerned, nobody knows anything, but I have a hope that "some how and some where" we may all have another chance.

My husband believed just as I do, and was a great admirer and friend of yours.

Please do not publish any part of my letter, but write and tell me if it will be impossible for you and Mrs. Moore to come and see me sometime in the near future.

Mrs. Henry is my dearest friend. I admire and love her more than I can write.

The piece you wrote about the "Pope's Toe" was very enjoyable. I think my love for a good laugh is all that is left me from despair, many times.

All you write is good, and I hope you will keep on writing as long as you can push a pen.

My love to your wife, and believe me your friend.

MRS.

P. S.—I wish you all a happy New Year.

I do not think it a betrayal of confidence to print so good a letter without anything to indicate from whence it came.

This is another indication that This is not the same Presbyterian long our way.

many Presbyterian women are common woman that talked to us over the telephone.

EVEN "HARPER" GETTING TO BE INFIDEL.

I was raised on the Bible and Harper's Magazine, and in those days, I would just as soon have expected to find Infidelity in one as in the other.

But they have to keep up with the band wagon.

The people want to read Infidelity and the magazine that does not print it will get left out.

This will be even more true when the Japs have finished licking the Russians, and they are rushing them now—the biter gets bit and the Russians get rushed—and the world will see the great superiority of the heathen Japs to the Christian Russians

The Courier-Journal, in a comment on Mrs. Margaret Deland, in Harper's Bazar, says:

"Some of her subjects are taken from a new viewpoint, as for instance, "Aunts," "Acquaintance with Grief," "Concerning Churchgoing." On the latter subject she says that our fathers and grandfathers saw things simply—right or wrong, black or white—but we, unsimple folks, are bewildered by a multitude of gray shades. Going to church has ceased to be a matter of course and has become a matter of effort.

And, yet, she says, that decadence in churchgoing does not mean decadence in character, as candid people must admit that many of the stay-at-homes are among the noblest and best men and women. She comes to the conclusion that attendance at church is not a necessity, but an adjunct to character.'

SHORT LETTERS

McCoy, Oregon—I note the course you intend to pursue with reference to the Blade and I approve of your decision. Send the Blade to those who will support it and you will have more paid-up subscribers.

The Blade fills a "want" and those who know of it will have it, and will pay for it if they must.

Your vigor and originality as a writer, and expression of radical views, excite interest, and people love to read something having some spice and some courage.

As I remember, you have a part of my last remittance unappropriated. However, here goes another $1.00 for the Blade, as I do not want it to stop or starve out.

Wishing you health, prosperity, and a happy New Year, Fraternally,
JAMES KEARNS.

Hurley, Va.—I am nearing my 84th year and living so far away in the mountains of Virginia, with nothing but superstition around me that it stands to reason that I need some good literature to smooth my path along.

I have always been from my youth up, an Infidel, if I know what that is.

I believe in a God, but not a whole family of Gods. I believe in doing good for my fellow man through love; not fear of fire and brimstone, and I want you to send me the Blue Grass Blade for one year.

Wishing you a happy New Year, I am, Fraternally,
R. CUMMINS,

It contained $1.00.

You are my dear old brother, a model Infidel of the Tom Paine order. You write a splendid hand for a man of your age.

Logan, Utah.—I am glad God's birth day has gone, and we won't have so many drunks and murders for eleven months more.

That "blessed day" is the worst day of the year, 4th of July not excepted.

In the small town of Ogden, 30 persons before Judge Howell; all for Xmas drunks and all Christians of the Catholic brand, except possibly, some "Latter Day Saints."

They depend on salvation by grace. Howell saved some of them 60 days on the rock pile.

The church says Jesus came to bring peace. He says he came to bring trouble.

He set a bad example when he used water to make wine.

Joe Smith said he had never performed any polygamous marriage on earth since the manifesto. It was proven that he performed one on the sea. Joe lied.

Woodruff and Cannon, two Morman leaders, went to California for their health and died there.

They had told the Mormons that they could heal their sick by praying over them.

I would not trust my life in the hands of God or of any butcher doctor. Elijah Dowie or Mrs. Eddy or Etta Semple could fix up those old wornout saints so they would be as good as new, with a few wooden legs and store teeth and glass eyes and other small repairs and extras.

GEORGE J. WHEELER.

I have seen, in the Mammoth Cave, a place where a girl had married a man that she promised her parents she "never would marry on the face of the earth."

Smithland, Iowa.—Allow me to compliment you on the last issue of the Blade—shake. Heston's cartoons are fine, in my judgment, a great improvement to the Blade. Wish Mr. Heston's health was better and he 15 years younger.

I want 50 cents worth of Blades of February 21, 1904, Vol. 12, No. 52.

What's the matter with Mesdames C. and H.; have they both retired?

My wife and I have nearly finished "Dog Fennel" and we highly appreciate it. DR. O. L. STALL.

Mesdames C. and H. are tired, or retired, and I am sorry. Fraid they won't get to be angels.

Kent, Ohio.—Enclosed find $1.00 for Blade for 1905. It did me a whole lot of good to read—(something about Socialism—editor). L. G. REED.

"But what went ye out to see, a reed shaken by the wind." Matt. 11-7.

Berkley, Wash. Editor and Comrade:—You have been trusting in the Lord for most a year, and now I want to trust in the Lord for a year too; so please move the knob up a few rods.

I always send and give away the Blades, but I am sorry—

(Here are some nice things said about Socialism—Editor).

$2.00. On August 24, I wrote you but got mad and did not send it.

If you will cut off all dead beats like me from your mailing list you will make money by it.

Heston's pictures are the best there are and would help the Blade if you could afford them, I hope you can; it improves greatly. M. GRAN.

Buckley, Wash. C. C. Moore; Dear old man:—Enclosed $1 for the Blade. (Here occur some very kind and gentlemanly and good-humored remarks about Socialism—Editor).

Freethought papers, like the Boston Investigator have been hammering away on the Bible, forgetting that the Bible is a dead issue, too old to talk about.

You are an old man now, but you have a mission to do. M. GRAN.

Louisville, Ky.—Enclosed $1.00 for the Blade for 1905.

I am glad you dropped all of those damned dead heads. They are of no account.

I have given my Blade away to someone, all the time thinking, I might get them to subscribe. But they are damned sneaks and refuse to subscribe after reading my Blade so long.

I told them, in plain English, to go to hell, if there is one, and never again to ask me for a Blade. Happy New Year to You.

JOHN W. WALSH.

Brunswick, Me.—Enclosed please find clippings, upon which I would like to see your comments.

I would like to hear from Mrs. Henry oftener.

I am glad that you have not given up writing, for you are the whole push in the Blade.

I wish we had a few like you here in Maine.

Even here, in this religious state, the ministers have to get up cat and dog shows in their churches so as to get the children to attend so they can pollute their minds before they get old enough to think for themselves.

I wish you a happy New Year and a number of them.

WILLIAM L. HAM.

The clipping is about Abbott, a part of which says:

"Another prominent Congregational clergyman, who did not wish his name used said:

"If he has been correctly reported, the sentiments he gave utterance to at Harvard yesterday will alienate him from the great body of the denomination.

"His new creed will fall flat in New England, as far as the Congregationalists are concerned for our people cannot follow him that far. His stand will please only the athiests, who will now claim that he has gone over to their side; but of course Dr. Abbott will not admit anything of that sort.

"Beecher left no system of theology but is remembered rather as a man of a big heart, a humanitarian. In the same way, Dr. Abbott, when he dies, will leave behind him no system. A religious leader who follows out such a course as his can have no permanent influence."

Ezel, Ky.—I enclose $1 to renew my subscription to the Blade.

I think there are others here who perhaps will renew and some who will subscribe, but you are certainly doing the correct thing in dropping all who don't pay in advance for the paper. Considering the financial weakness of the paper, I am surprised that you did not do this long ago. I have been a regular subscriber to the Blade for quite a while, and will continue to be if it is only large enough for a thumb paper, provided uncle Charlie is editor.

Respectfully,
T. F. CARR.

FROM A BOY

About 10 Years Old That I Met At St. Louis.

Hazel, Ark., Dec. 27, E. M., 304.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

When Moses led the children of Israel from the land of Egypt, and was lost in the wilderness 40 years, the Lord fed them manna from heaven, according to the Bible. So the children of Israel got tired of it, and we remember the melons and garlic and leaks we had in Egypt and here we have nothing but the manna.

Although Moses was doing all the good he could for them by this we get a lot of human nature, from that 40 years in the wilderness as they could get along they will follow their leader but when anything goes wrong they will blame their leader for it.

So the Lord sent them quails from out of the sea which covered the ground two cubits deep, and it was a days journey each way.

One cubit was a little over 19 in. which made it 38 inches deep, and a day's journew was 30 miles, which made the quails cover the ground 30 by 30 miles, which made 900 square miles, or 576,000 acres.

There were 600,000 men besides women and children, which makes 3,000,000 people, to figure 5 to each family. So each one had to eat a little over one-sixth of an acre 38 in. deep, in 36 hours, for the Bible said they stood up all that day, all that night, and all of the next day. That in bushels was 6,790,201,432, which made 2263 bushels for each one, or 63 bushels an hour, a little over a bushel a minute.

They ate until quails stuck out at their nostrils.

Those Jews must have been hungry.

If that story had been told in any other book nobody would have believed it. Yours truly,

J. FRANKLIN WRIGHT.

P. S.—I figured this up myself, and please publish it if it is worth publishing. My father is a subscriber to the Blade and I belong to the American Freethought Association.

I met you at the St. Louis Convention last October 22 and 23.

J. FRANKLIN WRIGHT.

My impression is that the letters of children that I have read in newspapers, are, nearly always lies, and are written by older people, and I would not print such one if I knew it to be a fraud.

But I saw that boy at St. Louis, and thought him the most precocious boy I ever saw, and I do not believe his father would lie or encourage the boy in a lie.

The boy did not seem to be more than ten years old.

The letter was written in a bad hand and bad spelling and with no punctuation, and I corrected those, but the letter, otherwise, is as it was written.

I think there must be some truth in that quail story, because they are so scarce in Egypt now, that it looks like the Jews may have eaten all that were in Egypt then.

When I was in Egypt, five men of our party went out on the desert hunting those quails.

They killed 19, and their expenses were $20.

They look like our Kentucky flickers or "yellow hammers."

We see, in the papers, bets that a man cannot eat a quail each day for a month.

Some of these times they will run upon one of those Egyptian Jews that can eat two or three dozen a day for a year.

TEXAS FRUIT LANDS.

Produce Early Crops Which Bring Fancy Prices.

In Texas they begin shipping berries in April, tomatoes in May, peaches in June, bringing fancy prices up North.

The growing season is much longer than in the North—a chance to make two or three crops, reducing the expense of "getting through" the winter.

Fruit and truck land along the Cotton Belt Route are very cheap as yet—$10 to $15 an acre unimproved. When put to orchard or truck they can be made to yield $100 to $300 per acre and more.

Besides, it is an ideal climate—no long, cold winters. Write for booklet on fruit and truck growing.

E. W. La BEAUME, G. P. and T. A., Cotton Belt Route, St. Louis, Mo.

A Good Route to Try

FRISCO SYSTEM

It traverses a territory rich in undeveloped resources; a territory containing unlimited possibilities for agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, mining and manufacturing. And last, but not least, it is

The Scenic Route for Tourists.

The Frisco System now offers the traveling public excellent service and fast time—

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast.

Between Birmingham and Memphis and points in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the West and Southwest.

Full information as to route and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any representative of the Company, or to

Passenger Traffic Department, Commercial Building, Saint Louis.

WANTED—Salesmen, local and general, reaching the pump and well supply trade on recently patented well specialties of great merit. Hills & Sons Co., Medina, Wis.

SAYS THAT LIFE WILL BE PRODUCED IN LABORATORY.

A University Professor Declares It Is a Result of Purely Physical and Chemical Forces.

Chicago, Jan. 4.—That life is the result of purely chemical and physical forces, irrespective of any divine or vital force, has been declared by Prof. Albert P. Mathews, of the University of Chicago, to his class in physiological chemistry. While refusing to dispute the theory of the divine origin of life, Prof. Mathews took the stand that the present creation of life has been proved the result of purely physico-chemical reactions.

"Certain chemical substances," he said, coming together under certain conditions do and are bound to produce life, no matter what theologians may say. There is no getting away from facts, and the result of laboratory experiments in regard to the production of certain phenomena of life are convincing."

Prof. Mathews predicted it is only a matter of time before life itself will be produced in the laboratory."

I am doubtful about it, but I think that Mathews is right.
cline to think that Mathews is right.

Preachers will fight this situation because the Bible teaches that God breathed into man and made life miraculously.

Watson Heston's picture represents that god blew breath into man with a bellows.

I think the truth lies between Mathews and Heston, and that the preachers lie between themselves.

FINAL APPEAL.

It is with mingled anger, disgust and disappointment that I view the total of the "Heston Fund."

Shame for every Liberal who received a notice of Heston's pitiable condition and failed to donate his or her pro rata.

There is too much "windjamming" and not enough practical Liberalism.

I travel for a livelihood and found time, between trains, to address and mail nearly 3,000 circulars, and any one who knows anything about sending circulars can sympathize with me when they figure up how many times my tongue traveled over the envelope flaps.

If I can find time to do that, and pay the freight, you can find time to address a letter to Mrs. Watson Heston, Carthage, Missouri, and enclose from $1.00 to $10.00.

Will you do it?

If you are a Liberal, you will; otherwise, not; and if you are not a paying Liberal, for goodness sake join the church and get with your own crowd.

I feel very thankful to the few who assisted and wish to say that I know several of them personally, and know that, according to their means, they contributed liberally indeed, and they responded promptly.

I believe in saying what I think and I think that about half of our "so called" Liberals ought to be kick-with stumps and rocks.

With no apologies, I remain,
Fraternally,
WARREN WOLF.

I hope that all good Infidels will make this a question of conscience and ability.

We, presumably, do not pay anything for religion, and we claim that our Infidelity is better than religion. If we mean this, we ought to be willing to make reasonable sacrafice for it.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

Earlington, Ky., Jan. 1, 1905.

My Dear Mr. Moore:—I am very much surprised to see you are so much mistaken about "The immaculate Conception" business. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, as taught and defined in the Catholic church, does not refer to the conception out of which Jesus Christ himself grew, but refers expressly to that of his mother. The question was up with Catholic Theologians whether he, or He, was born of woman like other women who had incurred the guilt of original sin. They quarreled about it till it was finally settled in the Council of the Vatican in 1854. That she (the Virgin Mary) was conceived without the stain of original sin. It is the conception out of which she grew that is the immaculate conception, and not that out of which he grew.

I think all of the Protestant faction have always opposed this doctrine of the immaculate conception, or they seem to have thought it a little too delicate a matter to discuss in public. The Catholic church and all the leading Protestant factions have always taught that Jesus Christ was fathered by the Holy Ghost.

There was never any such question up in the council you speak of or any other council since the adoption of the Nicene Creed. Ask your bosom friend Barry, and he will tell you that I am right about it.

My friend Mr. Moore I have not written this for publication, but to put you on the right rack. I am old like yourself, and I can't write as correctly now as I used to do.

I take the Blade and have copies of all your books and like them very much.
Yours truly, etc.,
W. CAL. MORGAN.

There was probably a little element of joke about my knowledge of the doctrine of the immaculate conception of Jesus Christ. But as to what it was the Catholics were celebrating the 50th anniversary of, I was really somewhat mixed.

I knew the Catholics had in late years, taken up the doctrines of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, but I did not know it was so long ago as 50 years.

It seems to me that they ought, also, to get up an immaculate conception for Annie the mother of Mary, whose wrist bone has performed such miracles of curing.

HE HEARD ZACHARY.

Camanche, Indian Territory.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear Friend:—I enclose $1.00 for the Blade.

The old man sent a hail last spring and destroyed our cotton and we are in bad shape.

I live in Wilkinson's town.

Zachary was down a few weeks ago, and blowed his horn in Camanchee for a week, but I think he made more Infidels than Christians.

I went to hear him three times. The first night I was introduced to him as one of Mr. Moore's followers.

He smiled and said he was sorry for me, and wanted me to come and hear him preach.

The first night his text was the importance of studying the Bible. He told them how many Bibles there were, and how many Gods there were, and they were all surprised—they had thought there was only one God and one Bible, and I thought we had the biggest God of the bunch.

He talked about interpolations and said he was sorry for the Infidels.

He made a big talk about a little interpolation, and that surprised them for they had not known that anything ever had been added to the Bible.

Yours respectfully,
W. R. BAILEY.

Duncan, Ind. Ter., Dec. 26, 1904.

Mr. Chas C. Moore.

Dear sir—I have just received the Blade of Dec. 25, and have read your criticism of my letter written under date of Dec. 9th inst., and I feel like that for you to better understand my position, a letter of explanation from me will not be out of order.

In the first place, not one sample copy of the Blade have I ever received, and I'm sure you did not, previous to my letter to you in regard to Mr. U. G. Wilkinson, know there lived such a fellow as Alsey Alford, and when I have seen a copy of the Blade it was furnished me by some fellow liberal, for during the past four and one-half years I have been travelling all the time, and have never lived in one place long enough to subscribe for any paper; but when I came here in September, of this year, I came expecting to make Duncan my home, and just as soon as I felt reasonably sure I would live here permanently, I sent you the dollar necessary.

I was born and raised in the little town of Hico, Hexas, and I used to get a copy occasionally from Jack Woods, of that place, but I have never been in any town that had as many as one-thousand inhabitants, where I could not get a copy of the Blade from some fellow Liberal, and I was always willing to pay him for it. But of all the places I have been, the Liberals here have a higher regard for you and the Blade than any town I ever was in.

I suppose tis because they know you pretty well, as many of them heard you in the debate at Ryan, I. T.

I appreciate your criticism of my letter, but Mr. Moore have not you noticed that many of these infidel papers contain very little to be truly appreciated by the Infidels.

And you say "Suppose it was general among newspaper men that their papers would have to be sent out as sample copies for five or six years'——etc.

Do you think that a fair comparison? You evidently know that there are hundreds of people who will subscribe for their county paper, when they would not even read the one published by the infidel. The county paper praises their God, and when they are dead will write an obituary that makes even a good man get jealous; while you tear down his idea of a God, and unless he was a good man, you don't say so just because he is dead. His county paper tries to give him the personal news and keep him posted on the scandals that are going the rounds, while there is little personal news in the infidel papers, and you try to confine yourself to the truth about the scandals; and I believe you are invariably found on the side of the weak and oppressed. And I still think the Liberal who wants a paper of his own making, should prove himself a capable man, before he expects much support from the people, and it wont take him five or six years to prove that either.

There are very few professions which require five or six years for the prospective applicant to tell whether or not he will be a failure.

But enough for this time. Again wishing you the success that I think you and our cause merit, I am, —ALSEY ALFORD.

I have never heard a great deal from the debate I had with Wilkinson at Ryan, Indian Territory, but all that I have ever heard has been very encouraging.

Not a discouraging word or intimation about it has come to me from any one, Christians or Infidels, including Mr. Wilkinson himself.

It is certainly encouraging to know that they like me most at the places where they have personally seen me. I think that some day, Wilkinson and his wife will both be Infidels.

READING "DOG FENNEL."

He Says The Blade Gets Better All The Time."

Clinton, Iowa, Dec. 30th, 1904

Dear Bro. Moore,

Inclosed find P. O. order for $5.00 and I will tell you how I would like it applied.

Some time in the past summer, I sent you $2.50 as subscription to have the "Blade" sent to my nephew, James Mac Nicoll, 16 Lawrence st., Dundee, Scotland. I sent him mine from week to week till I got him hungry for such food, and then I concluded to let him have one to himself. Now I will tell you how I want the five dollars applied. Send me the "Blade" for another year $2.00; send him the Blade for another year $2.00 and with the other dollar apply it at the same rate to make both subscription expire at the same time, and then I will know from my tab what time his expires as well as my own. In my estimation the Blade is like some wine I read about when I was a boy; it gets better all the time. And speaking of being a boy calls to my mind that you are only a kid along side of me. I spent the day yesterday that closed my 76th journey round the Sun, I was born in the village of Glamis, Forfarshire Scotland at high twelve, on the 29th of Dec. 1828, so you see I was wearing pants before you were born, but you're a good little brother, and I love you. I also love the Masonic order, greatly because it is denounced by Romanism I was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason, in 1866 in Chicago. When in Scotland sixteen years ago. I visited the Lodge in my native village in which, grandfather, father and my oldest brother were members, and the brethren were very courteous to the American Mason. There were only two of my younger day associates left. In the evening they had a parade headed by the Bagpipers and two drummers, in honor of my visit That was Dec. 27th, 1888.

I am still grinding away at "Dog Fennel." Yesterday I enjoyed Sweeny subscribing for the book. But your description of your call at Funchall is just excellent.

A good New Year to yourself and your household, not forgetting Bro. Hughes, I remain. JAMES A. GREENHILL.

BRO. AND SISTER WATSON HESTON.

Verona, Texas, Jan. 3, 1905.

Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly publish enclosed appeal and lend your voice to my weak one.

Being a young man and absolutely unknown, I am without influence.

I realize what little practical good we are doing, and wish to turn the tide by giving Mrs. Heston the assurance that we will practice our vaunted humanity.

A round $1,000 is what we ought to raise for the old people.

Shame on you old materialists to let the Deists give the major portion, which, to my personal knowledge, they did!

Get your mettle up and go against the collar!

I see your major portion "Miss Lucy," is made of the right stuff.

Now see what kind of a "money talk" you can give to help the thing along.

Wishing you and yours a successful New Year, I am, yours fraternally,
WARREN WOLF.

Canal Dover, O., Jan. 5, 1905.

The Blue Grass Blade,

Gentlemen—I enclose you draft for $5.00 for which you will extend your paper for the coming year, also send one copy to my friend, Mr. R. P. Hickox, Canal Dover, O. He is a poor man and cannot well afford to pay for the paper and I will pay it for him. The other $3.00 you will appropriate to the benefit of the Blade and tell brother Moore I am greatly pleased to see him back home with the pen again and bring the Blade out in full uniform. I hope that Mr. Moore will continue his good health and swing the pen for at least thirty years longer. I think that Mr. Moore only ever had one equal in the United States as a writer of his class, and that was D. M. Benntee. In some other respects they are equal. They have both been in the penitentiary; it is of course a question with me, which one has been in jail the oftenest. Tell brother Moore that sometimes when he is writing an article that is suitable, to tell us just how often he had been in jail, it would be a satisfaction to some of we old men, just to know that part of his full history. He tells us so often what happened when it so happened that he was out of jail and we would like to know how often he was in. In that respect he beats D. M. Bennett. With respect to you, and Mr. Moore, I am.—S. TOOMEY.

It is a little hard for me to say just how often I have been in jail, because the expression "in jail" is a kind of a legal term and does not necessarily mean in a prison, and I do not know whether or not to call some of the prisons in which I have been, jails.

I was put in a county jail in Paris, Kentucky, and fined. I was put in the county jail in Lexington, Ky. and I was put in the city jail in Lexington, Ky. and I was put in a steel cage in Cincinnati, Ohio.

I was arrested and taken to Louisville, to be put in jail, but the officer and Irish Catholic, assumed the responsibility of putting me in a hotel Catholic editor of a liquor paper, who Catholic editor or a liquor paper, who took splendid care of me and would not let me pay anything for it.

His name was Thomas Flannelly.

I was again arrested and taken to Louisville, and while I was not put into any kind of a building, except the United States Court room, I was under duress, and in that sense in jail.

Then I was sent to the Ohio State penitentiary.

I was convicted again, for the penitentiary, in Louisville, but they never have sent me yet, and though I am ready to go whenever they say so, I not kicking about their being dilatory about it.

So that counting all of these as being "in jail", I have been "in it" six times, with a fighting chance for one more time.

I think I beat the record also the band. Bennett was put in prison once, and it killed him. Foote, in England, editor of Freethought was put in prison once, and Tom Paine was put in prison once, and Jesus Christ once.

I had more fun out of it than any of those other fellows did, and they just let up on me because they thought it suited me too well.

Bennett, Foote and I were all editors. Tom and J. C. were not. Tom wrote books. J. C. never wrote anything except once he wrote on the sand with a tobacco stick.

I don't think he could write any thing except to sign his name to a check on a sand bank, with a cross; an X.

He was the only Xception—balance of us could all write, and were all right.

"THE BIBLE AND THE DEMON CALLED ALCOHOL."

Ulin, Ark., Jan. 2, 1905.

Editor of Blade.

Enclosed find one year's subscription to Blue Grass Blade. I subscribe for the paper because it contains, in its columns, the truth and frankness that should be inculcated in the minds of all American citizens.

The Bible called by the orthodox, inspired, is filled with infamous dogma and corrupt teachings, and we can never be serene until enough men like you shall rise as a scorching fire to burn all such damnable dogmas.

The Bible and the demon called alcohol are the greatest enemies to love and happiness.

No true man can contemplate them without prejudice against them.

Alcohol enters the home to snatch the roses from woman's cheek. It levies tribute upon the government. It snatches the crust from the lips of starving children. It defies the government in the halls of Congress.

No cottage is humble enough to escape it; no palace strong enough to shut it out.

It is flexible to cajole when it fails to coerce suffrage. It changes the wife's love to despair and her pride into shame and sorrow, down to their graves.

It ruins the youth of the country and crushes souls and hearts under its rumbling wheels.

We will lay a corner stone. By and by the superstructure will tower, its columns emblazoned with love, truth, sympathy and good will to man.

Meek-eyed women will weep for joy as it grows in beauty, and children will strew the pathways of its workmen with flowers.

Battlefields will raise grain never again to be crushed in the distillery. Vineyards of trellised vines will hang with grapes in purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which debases and degrades mankind. Orchards will produce golden fruits never again to be turned into that which degrades.

Weeping wives will wipe away their tears, and lift their boys to stand where God intended that man should stand.

The drunkard will be nerved to burst his fetters, and the clanking of his broken chains shall make a glorious accompaniment to his song of freedom. In behalf of man I claim my right to speak. We must fight the battle and help to enlighten an ignorant world.

We must live that others may live. We have no reason to fight for an omnipotent God.

Any man who will ask an editor to silence himself on the liquor question is a traitor to truth and virtue, and cannot be a lover of honor and morality. No such man can have the love of fallen humanity in him.

I despise and hate all damnable liquors. They make a hell on earth for man and terror for women, and when the American people realize the enormity of this sin they will drive it from them with the besom of destruction.

May this agitation increase until this reign of devils is summarily cut short, and until the darkest cloud that ever lowered over the face of this fair earth is dispelled.

—GEORGE H. INSCOR. (M. D.)

GLOOMY AND SULLEN

St. Petersburg, Jan.—The fall of Port Arthur has taken all the heart out of the approaching festivities of Christmas. It has even proposed to dispense with illuminations and decorations which are always features of the holidays. The churches are filled with mourning friends and relatives of fallen heroes or the fortress. Unmistakable grief of the people is also accompanied by undeniable mutterings against the government.

This shows that the Christian Christmas, according to the Greek church, fro[illegible]h all the other Christian churches came, is after the 1st of Ja[illegible]ary.

Th[illegible] Pagan Lupercalia, the drunken feast from which Christmas came, was the whole of the last week of the year.

The New Testament explains that Jesus was born in the warm season; not in mid-winter.

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

In the Blade of December 5th, reminds me of an incident which occurred last summer in this town. M. Gladbach, Germany. We had almost as bad a drouth as the Christians had in Kentucky and many a prayer was sent up to God in the different Catholic churches, but to no avail. Hosts of the pious demanded that the priests should order a combined prayer-meeting (allgemeine Bittgang), but the sly sky-pilots knew better what to do. One morning I said to my mother that the barometer had fallen so low, that it would rain in course of 12 hours and that it was my opinion that the priest would now order that general prayer meeting. And sure it was ordered that same morning at the early mass in all Catholic churches and it did rain, too. A. B.

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ELGIN: 'No. 156," or "162," 21 jewels, $49; "270," 21 jewels, $25; "243" or "246," 17 jewels, $22; "242," 17 jewels, $18; "241," 17 jewels, $12; 15 jewels, $8.50; 7 jewels, $6.

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OUTLOOK FOR THE B. G. B.

You all can see, just as well as I can, what is the prospect for the Blade. It seems to me to be good. But my experience has been that there were two causes that made people cease their efforts to increase the circulation of this paper.

One of the causes was that they thought it was going to fail, anyhow, and the other cause was that they thought it was going to succeed anyhow.

If it was going to fail, of course it was just a waste of money to help it, and if it was going to succeed then of course, it was just a waste of money to help it.

But a good many people, men and women, are sending kind words and their money, and there has been a larger falling off of that class of people who write me mean and insulting letters—probably because they know that I will not print them any more.

Most of these, I suppose, have not been genuine Infidels, but disgruntled mugwump, sore-headed Christians, who masqueraded as Infidels in order to get in their work on me.

They never sent any money. I printed many of their letters because I wanted to be fair, and show both sides, but the side that always vilified me were, I suppose, really Christians pretending to be Infidels.

I don't want any of you to help this paper financially, unless you think it is the best to do good with that amount of money. I do not, at all, know that it is the best way. You must be the judges and assume the responsibility.

It seems to me that the Christian religion is a bad thing that all good people should combine to put down, but there are many other ways that you can do good with your money, and you must determine.

I thing the Christian religion is being beaten down every day.

The turning against it of men like Abbott, the most prominent preacher in America ,the unceasing giving away of millions of money by the Infidel Andrew Carnegie, for the purpose of education while none of it goes to preachers or to churches, the late Infidel Congress at Rome, Haeckel's great book, the Riddle of the Universe and, above all, the defeat of the Christian Russians by the Japanese, all combine to bring a pressure against the Christian religion that has ever now, destroyed all intelligent faith in it, and must soon make inroads even into [illegible]ks of the masses, so that nowh[illegible]except in the rural districts and among politicians and preachers and editors, and silly women, will Christianity get any support.

In towns, like Lexington, even now, Christianity is only a social and business scheme and political trick like the various secret societies and there is not a man in Lexington who would dare to meet me in religious debate, as Wilkinson did away out in the Indian Territory, 1200 miles from anywhere, except Texas, that Sheridan said was a worse place to live in than hell, and almost to the jumping off place.

It is so evident that Christianity is moribund that the popular magazines are writing against it, and men like Lane Allen and Leon Wilson, are plainly bidding it defiance, and Wilson's "Seekers" went like hot tamales in Lexington.

This little paper has been second to no publication in the whole of America in bringing about this state of affairs here, and it is up to you all to say whether or not you ought to support the little paper for doing this.

When Rucker and Thompson sent me to the penitentiary they paved the way for the making of millions of Infidels.

It disgusted a man like McKinley.

In ten years from now the fact that a preacher named Hellgate had me put in jail, in Lexington, for "blasphemy against the Holy Ghost," will be viewed exactly as we now view the hanging of witches, by the Christians, in Massachusetts, because the Bible said "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Ingersoll made the people laugh at the absurd stories of the Bible, by I, more than any man who has ever lived in the United States, except Tom Paine, have shown, by practical demonstration, that the Christians, if they were sufficiently in power, would burn Infidels to-day, just as they did Bruno, 304 years ago.

I don't believe that ever again in the United States, any man will go to jail for ridiculing the Holy Ghost, and no man will ever again go to the penitentiary for not believing the Christian religion.

Those two things I have chopped down with my little hatchet, and it's up to you to say whether you will stand by me, like true men and women to demolish what remains of the tyrannical old superstition.

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DR. FRANK SAYS PRAYERS ARE ABSURD.

New York, Dec. 27.—The doctrine in denial of a "first great cause," enunciated by the Rev. Dr. Lymann Abbott, to a body of Harvard students continues to engross the attention and thought of the clergy of all denominations.

The Rev. Henry Frank, leader of the Independent Liberal church, at Berkeley Lyceum indorses Dr. Abbott's views. He said:

"A scientific God cannot be a personal God, and whosoever perceives such a Deity must know that He only manifests Himself in stern and imperturbable laws. To pray to such a Deity for favors and intercession is as absurd as to pray to a wave at sea to spare the human victims it has seized within its crests.

PUT A BIBLE

On the Christmas Tree for An Infidel Who Killed the Donor And Escaped.

Guthrie, Ok. T. December 27.—Robert H. Brown, of Catoosa, I. T., was murderously assaulted today by a neighbor, Jas. Hogan, because Brown placed a Bible on a Christmas tree in a country-school-house for Hogan.

The latter is an infidel, He took the matter as an insult, and to-day attacked Brown with a big knife, inflicting fatal wounds. Hogan then escaped on horseback.

The schoolhouse was crowded when Hogan was presented with the Bible. He was greatly humiliated and refused to be pacified.

It seems strange to me that any man professing to be an Infidel would be guilty of such a crime as that.

The Cincinnati Enguirer is exceedingly sensational and this all may be a lie, or the facts in the case may not be accurately reported. It is not our style to hide facts. I have many friends in that part of the world.

I want some of them to get the facts and write them to me for print in the Blade.

If Hogan is an Infidel and is guilty of crime as reported in the Enquirer I want Infidels to do all that they reasonably can to bring him to justice. Such a man would do us harm. I think that this is a Christian lie I remember the names of many Infidels in that part of the country to whom I was introduced when I was there to debate with Wilkinson.

I do not remember any named Hogan.

CHRISTIAN HANGING IN BLUEGRASSDOM.

January 3, at Winchester, near Lexington, a negro name Hathaway was hung by law, for the murder of a negro woman. Hathaway was baptized a day or two before the hanging. He had five negro preachers with him on the scaffold. Two of them had D. D. after their names.

Hathaway begged the people to meet him in heaven, and prayed, looking up to heaven.

On January 13, a white man named Bess is to be hanged for the murder of a white woman. Bess is a Methodist but has been in a habit of attending the Campbellite church with his wife.

He says he is all ready to meet his God.

Two Campbellite preachers have been active in trying to get a commutation for Bess,

One of the preachers is named Collis. He came here from Australia. Rev. Seley, Campbellite, also came here from Australia.

A few days since Seley's wife was suing for a divorce. The presiding judge granted her the divorce. Seley jumped up, pulled a pistol and fired at the judge, but missed him. Seley was was going to fire the second time when the judge grappled him. Seley was sent to jail.

THE LYING OF NEWSPAPERS.

The newspaper ought to be the greatest moral agency in the world,, but, as it is, it is the greatest of all demoralizers. One of its greatest evils is its praise of unworthy men after they are dead.

This has been lately exemplified in the reports of the death of a Kentucky editor. The natural effect is to induce young men to be similar men knowing that they will be praised when they die.

We will call him Smith because that was not his name. I never knew of Smith getting drunk, or fighting or committing any violation of the law, but he was distinguished as being the greatest of all the dead-beats that ever lived in Kentucky. Thousands of people knew that that was his distinction.

He ate at hotels and restaurants without paying for it, until I can remember that, for the last thirty years, it has been considered strange that proprietors would allow him to do so.

He never registered and did not even pretend to pay for which he ate.

I once saw him come out of a hotel dining room and walk off, his usual way, without paying for what he had eaten, and I asked the proprietor how it was that he could do so. The proprietor, or clerk, said he did not know himself; that it was simply a way old Smith had of doing and that they had so long submitted to it that it seemed to be so understood among hotel men.

He said that occassionally Smith would write a puff of his hotel, a copy of the notice and that that was all the pay they ever expected.

On all kinds of public conveyances old Smith beat his way in the same style, so that his whole long life was spent travelling about and living at the expense of others.

He had never married, and had no kin , that any body ever heard of, until he died.

I suppose that in his whole state there was not a simple tear shed when he died. I have known him for forty years and I do not remember ever to have seen a purse or a piece of money in his hand.

His paper was a financial success.

I never heard of his giving anything of any kind to any body in the whole world, except in a few instances in which he gave me copies of his old paper that I did not want; his purpose seeming to be to get me to make some mention of him in my paper.

When I was popular he would reprint , in his paper, whole long columns from the Blade, and just as soon as the people turned against me, he did too. I never in all my life, remember to have known of his taking the side of the weak against the strong. He toadied to all kinds of mean old ignorant devils who had money.

He was a Christian and wrote, in his own paper, about the religious things that he did.

He would manage to get to every place where there was good eatings including weddings and private houses my house being among the places. After having used his paper to get me into jail, he repeatedly came to the jail, to the annoyance of the jailer and his family and myself, to eat the nice things that were given me by the jailers family and by my friends.

I never heard him even thank anybody for those. After this sponging on me, he printed in his paper, that I had a skeleton in my closet. I reprinted in the Blade, that I was editing in jail, what he had said and challenged him to say what the skeleton was, but he never said.

I suppose if any man in Kentucky has even thrown open all his closet doors I am the man.

Of the notices of the death of Smith his generousity and charity were specially expatiated upon.

CHRISTIAN SUICIDE.

On Dec. 29, in New York, two young men suicided together. A part of the account says:

In Brown's pocket was a letter addressed to the Coroner, and in his companion's pocket was a copy of the Gospel of St. Luke, on the fly leaf in which was written: "If you abide in Me and My work abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it will be done unto you."

At Madison,Indiana, on Jan. 3, Rev. Joshua D. Griffiths died from a cold taken when he was preaching.

The Blade in clubs of five new subscribers is only 50 cents per year.

REV. POWELL'S BANQUET.

(Continued from First page.)

her self-respect, love of justice, and her common sense.

Female religion which is the stronghold of the church is not of so virulent a type as in the past and it is neither wise nor safe for preachers to ignore women. There is a mighty reserve power in that element and they are just beginning to use it.

The preacher of to-day is not a man among men, but a man among women, and although woman holds the deed to the real estate, woman's religion dees not burden her.

Some women go to church because they have nothing else to do, and some go to church to meet Mrs. or Mr. So and So.

A lot of women go to church for this
and for that,
And sometimes one goes to show
her stylish hat.
Some women go to church to display
their fine clothes.
And a lot of them go to walk home
with their beauxs.

Burns, who drops a few grains of truth into his poetry says:

"Some go to church to sleep and nod,
But few go there to worship God."

If the women of the church would as severely absent themselves from the pews as they have been excluded from Dr. Powell's banquet, the male trustees could sell God's House "(who had not where to lay his head)" for the paltry sum of $160,000 and invest it in some commercial interprise, for there would be no need of a church, "for men only."

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY
Versailles, Ky.

BLAMES RACE SUICIDE FOR SMALL ATTENDANCE..

(Milwaukee Telegram to the New York World.)

"Race suicide is largely responsible for the falling off of membership in Sunday schols and young people's societies," said the Rev. J. T. Chynoweth, organizer and superintendent of the Wisconsin Sunday school Association, apropos of a statement by Dr. Washington Gladden that the young people's and children's societies of Congregational churches are losing ground.

"It is a fact that three children is a high average in our Congregational families. Dr. Gladden said there had been a falling off of 19,357 young people in the attendance since 1897. This is partly due to the growing laxity of parents in religious observance of Sunday. Only one out of every six children of school age in Wisconsin attends Sunday school.

Statistics show that 20 per cent. of the children join the church while they are in Sunday-school and 20 per cent. after they have passed that age; the remaining 60 per cent. are not heard from."

It certainly does seem that Infidelity is getting in its work every where. A preacher in Lexington lately said that 90 per cent. of the converts to Christianity were from the Sunday-school. He was a Sunday-school man and that was his graft.

A long distracted Campbellite meeting in Lexington lately that ran two big churches and lots of foreign talent for preaching and singing and organ grinding converts 64 Sunday-school children. It will take a lot of blowing, at that rate to get back 19,357 children that have gone back on Sunday-schools.

THE ORGAN AMONG THE CAMPBELITES.

The Campbellite church, in Kentucky and Tennessee especially is split up and in the courts about the ownership of their joss houses, over a dispute about the organ in their churches and about missionary socioties. I am not at all surprised about their quarrel over the organ but I am surprised that they are scrapping about missionary sicieties.

Their contraction as a sect is that they have no right to observe any religious ceremony or custom that is not taught in the New Testament, but all of them have violated this claim by observing a Sabbath, just like all the other sects, though there is no authority for a Sabbath in the New Testament.

Having established the precedent of having a Sabbath without any Christian authority, and simply because it suited them to have one, it was easy to introduce the organ into their worship simply because they wanted one, when they knew there was no New Testament authority for it.

When its comes to missionaries, however, there is nothing plainer in the New Testament than that they should be.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature," covers the whole case.

But I suppose they had been so often swindled by missionaries and found that they made so few converts for their money that they got tired of it, and don't want any more of it.

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MINISTER OF REFORMED CHURCH IS ARRESTED.

The Rev. Dr. Carlos Martyne, of New York City, is Charged With Grand Larceny.

New York, Jan. 3.—The Rev. Dr. Carlos Martyne, at one time pastor of the Bloomingdale Reformed church and later pastor of the First Reformed church of Newark, N. J., was arrested today on a charge of grand larceny in connection with the tangled affairs of the defunct Abbey Press, of which he was at one time president. Dr. Martyne's successor as president of the jury last week on a charge similar to that for which Dr. Martyne was arrested to-day.

The Abbey Press first came into public notice on February 7, 1903, when a fire occurred in their storerooms and offices at 114 Fifth avenue. It is charged that the company was insured in excess of the value of its property and endeavored to collect insurance on supplies which were not burned. While the investigation was on the firm failed.

Dr. Martyne, a graduate of Union Theological Seminary in 1869, went to St. Louis as pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational church, where he preached for seven years before coming to New York. He is the author of several books.

ABBOTTS SOMERSAULT

Nothing in all of American news, has ever been sent to me, in newspaper clippings, so much as Lyman Abbotts' recent theological gymnastics.

Of course, it like every thing else, shows that everything is coming toward Infidelity, but Abbott is a coward and without the courage of his convictions.

He does not believe in a God any more than I do and I don't believe in a God—big G. or little g any more than a God believes in me, but Abbott, just like old Rucker, is never going to tell any body what he really believes, because he would lose his job if he did, and, therefore, Abbott is making an "attitudinous ass"—I don't know what that means, Walter Hurt said it of me—of himself, by blowing off a lot of wind as to what he does believe—all with no sense in it.

He talked with his mouth a little more than he really intended to do, and opened it so wide that he got his foot in it, and now, he is in the fix of a boy who has tried to play circus man and got his foot on the back of his neck and can't get it back, and he is in funny shape for a snapshot.

PORTE

Again Puts Ban on Sale of Bibles.

Constantinople, Jan. 3.—The Porte has at length replied to the notes of the American Legation and British Embassy regarding the sale of Bibles. The Porte refuses to authorize street sales. It is declared that there is no doubt that agents of Bible societies indulge in propaganda in explaining the use of the scriptures and as propaganda are forbidden by the laws of the empire the action of colporteurs brings them under prohibition, consequently the Government can no longer censent to the system of peddling Bibles, but must insist that sales be continued exclusively to the shops or depots of the societies.

WINTER IN COLORADO

Your own physcian will tell you that the dry mountain air of Colorado as an elixir of life stands pre-eminent. Always rigorous and stimulating, the crist atmosphere of Colorado is at its best in winter. To accomodate winter tourist to the Rockies, the Union Pacific has put in effect from Chicago a round trip rate of $47.20 and from St. Louis a round trip rate of $39.20, with proportionate reductions from all points within its immediate territory. Tickets on sale every day until May 1st, 1905, with return limit June 1st, 1905. Be sure your ticket reads over the Union Pacific, the popular route to Colorado. For full information inquire of W. H. Connor, G. A., East Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.

Change of Time of Trains No. 9 and 10, Queen & Crescent Route.

On and after January 9th trains No. 9 and 10 will run daily except Sunday. They now run daily.